

"The civil service law has had one effect on the national capital," said an old employe of one of the governments departments to a Star reporter recently, "that is not generally noticed. We old-timers in the departments remember with a good deal of pleasure the meetings of the various state associations that were held in Washington every month or so back in the seventles and eighties. They were pretty good-Grant's administration I can remember and seemed to enjoy the exercises immense ly. They were given frequently, generally in one of the largest halls of the city, and senators and representatives, as well as departmental clerks, usually esteemed it an honor to be a specially invited guest. These associations were maintained at that time as much for mutual protection and for the of keeping us in touch with our home state as for amusement or social in tercourse, and many times they served their real purpose well. Since the introduction of civil service laws, however, this state of affairs has gradually changed, until now state ties are not near as binding as they were twenty years ago and, of course, the natural consequence is a relaxation of the effort to keep in touch with the home lo-cality. The civil service protects the good men in office from the spoils-hunter, and clerks have gradually come to lose their in-terest and enthusiasm for the welfare of the associations. You have probably no-ticed that notices of the meetings at this day of state associations are rather infre quent, and unless the representatives of a state in Washington are brought together state in Washington are brought together for some special object, such as a reception to a new congressman or a ratification meeting, the affair is likely to be rather dull and spiritless."

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"I read the recent article in The Star on

spirit photographs and other phases of spiritualism with a great deal of interest and profit," said a well-known man-aroundtown to a Star reporter recently. "It interested me the more because it recalled a lit-tle incident in which I figured in a passive way some years ago. A friend of mine and I at that time took some interest in the subject of spiritualism and were frequently present at seances given from time to time by mediums. My friend was of a jovial nature, and I often had to restrain him when he attended these meetings with me, for he had very little respect for the so-called mediums. The incident I referred to happened during a seance given by an up-town medium, and we figured in the seet circle of believers present. The special trick, or materialization, and the language of the spiritualist sharp of the evening, was known as the paraffine hands. A bucket of known as the paraffine hands. A bucket of paraffine was brought in and set in the middle of the room, the lights were turned out and immediately a swishing would be heard in the bucket. When the lights were relighted a pair of gracefully-formed hands would be found, modeled in the paraffine. I neglected to state that a short speech precedes the matrialization, and on this occasion the medium took the opportunity to compilment the company present and to state that the time or conditions had never befere in her experience been so propitious as
new. Well, the bucket was brought in, the
lights were turned down and the swishing
was heard, as per schedule, but right in the
middle of the thing my friend, who was
sitting close to the bucket, asked for a
match. Whether he was influenced by
spirits on the outside or inside, I don't
know, but he whispered his request in such
a way that nearly every one in the room
heard it—there were about twenty of us
there, at one dollar per. That settled it.
The bucket disappeared in some inexplicable way, the lights went up in a jiffy, and
that medium, who had but a few moments

"At this time of the year there is plenty of work for the 1,200 girls who put up seed packets in the numerous wholesale flower houses of New York," said the proprietor of a leading seed house in New York to a Star reporter recently. "Some of the big houses take on hands early in February, but most of the girls do not find steady employment until March or April, when and thoroughly realize what suits them inthe demand for flower and vegetable seeds dividually and how the effect which they is very large. Girls make the best packers desire should most easily be reproduced. of seeds because they are small fingered and alert, and do the delicate work more expeditiously than men. Seed packets hold anywhere from one-eighth of an ounce up to one pound and more, and a good hand will measure, fill and seal up ready for shipment from 1.500 to 2.000 packets in an not easy to please, and many of her dress hour. The girls are paid about 15 cents for each 1,000 packages they put up and, pro-viding they work steadily for eight hours, they can earn from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per day. widing they work steadily for eight nours, they can earn from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per day.

"The most expensive seeds that are put up are petunias, the fancy, newly grafted kind, and calciolaria. A fine petunia seed is worth \$2.5 per ounce. It is as light and fine as chaff or down and must be handled very carefully to avoid waste. Extra fine grades of calciolaria and petunia seeds are worth as much as \$120 an ounce. This may seem like a big price for such a small quantity of seed, but the greatest pains have to be taken to raise these plants and prepare the seed for market. In vegetables the most costly we have to consider is the cauliflower. This seed is worth from \$25 to \$30 per pound, and is put up and generally sold in very small measurements. The cheapest vegetable seeds are corn, peas and beans, and they are put up in 5 and 10-cent packages."

"The demand for that little southern

"The demand for that little southern delicacy, the oyster crab, is always larger than the supply, and I have all I can do to obtain the fifty or sixty gallons which are daily required for flavoring stews and mak-

ing omelettes in the leading hotels, restaurants and clubs of this city," said a whole-sale fish dealer in New York to the writer the other day. "Our northern oysters do not contain the little dainties, so I am obliged to buy them from the oyster shuckers along the York, Rappahannock and other southern rivers. The Chesapeake bay shore oystermen send us some also. "The little crab found in the oyster is not, as commonly supposed by two-thirds of the oyster-eating community, the young of the blue crab, but is a distinct species. It is a messmate of and caterer to the wants of the oyster, being, therefore, a benefit, instead of a detriment, to the latter. In return for the oyster's kindness in protecting it against its enemies, the little crab catches and crushes food, which in its entire state could not be taken by the oyster. A singular thing in connection with them is that all found inside of the oyster are females. The male of the same variety has a hard shell.

"When I first came to this city I was a very green country boy. I had heard a good deal about Fulton market oysters, so I went there and ordered a stew. I had eaten about half of it, when I was disgusted to find what I then called a little red bug in it. I kicked up a fuss, and they had an awful time conciliating me. It took me some years to realize that I was in error in calling the titbit a bug."

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Among the communications received in the regular mail at the Department of Agriculture a faw weeks ago was a request from a farmer, located in one of the state of the far west, that he be supplied with a quantity of a certain kind of seed. He de-sired, he said, to make use of the seed on his farm for experimental purposes. The communication passed through the customary channels until it finally reached the sec tion of seed and plant introduction. In due time a package of the desired seed was mailed to the address of the applicant, inclosed in one of the ordinary official penalty envelopes.

Much to the surprise of the officials the Much to the surprise of the officials the seed was returned to the department a few days ago. Accompanying it was a long explanatory letter from the farmer, full of protestations that he was innocent of any intent of wrongdoing. He had wanted the seed for private use on his farm, he said, but when he made application was ignorant that such use was unlawful. He added that as he had promptly returned the seed, not having made use of it, he hoped he would not be made to pay the fine.

The department people were highly amused when it dawned upon them that the western farmer had mistaken the warning on the official envelope—"Penalty for private use, \$300"—as: plying to the seed.

"Havana, briefly but adequately described, is a city of low-lying pink, blue and yel-

ed, is a city of low-lying pink, blue and yellow houses, of tobacco smoke and of numberless little victoria-like vehicles in the public service." The speaker was a young man who has

just returned from a trip to the island. "The houses," he continued, "are made of a native stone that is very soft and is sawed into shape rather than chiseled. The walls are from three to four feet thick and the architectural style is naturally most substantial. The larger dwellings are built about a tiled courtyard where fountains play and palms grow most luxuriantly. It certainly was disillusioning to see three or four dirty-looking Cubans emerge from one of these grand old palaces. The Cubans

of these grand old palaces. The Cubans that dress well are the ones that live in the most humble fashion, spending all they earn or can secure upon their backs.

"The tobacco smoke permeates the atmosphere. While I was in Havana the first steps of the Americans in control to restrict the promiscuous smoking in public places, theaters and street cars were taken. Upon arrival in Havana harbor one is rowed ashore in a little boat, the oarsman puffing away at his black cigarette. Your coachman smokes serenely on his box as you rattle up the roughly paved streets to the hotel. There the clerks are smoking, the porter smokes as he shows you to your room, the workmen repairing the marble stairways labor only between puffs, the hall boy fondles a cigarette and the chambermaid—who happens to be a man in Cuba bermaid—who happens to be a man in Cuba
—blows rings of smoke as he makes the
bed. I stood it all pretty well until I met a beggar, who requested alms out of one side of his mouth while he had a big black cigar stuck in the off corner. That's where

ble way, the lights went up in a july, and that medium, who had but a few moments before declared the conditions so entirely favorable, rose with an angry air and informed us that as the conditions had changed and the spirits had looked with disfavor upon her meeting, she was compelled to announce the close of the seance. I have never attended a meeting since, and the never attended a meeting since, and the service is so well regulated by the authorities that there can be no overcharging. The fare is one peseta in Spanish silver, or about 15 cents in American money. Two people may ride on a single fare. For a third person 5 cents additional is charged. The coaches are the cheapest and in the The coaches are the cheapest and in end the most expensive of the luxuries joyed on a Cuhan jaunt. It seems to such a line of vehicles in Washington w make big money."

Very few women dress really well unless they understand the intricacies of costumes They must be able to tie a bow and arrange lace gracefully, or even with the best of dressmakers their tollets are likely to lack finish. The dressmakers do not find such people half as easy to please as those who give themselves up entirely into their hands. Mme. Sara Bernhardt is not easy to please, and many of her dress, es which have made the greatest succes on the stage have been remade over and over again. But her taste is perfect and she has a wonderful sense of harmony.

Something About Fur.

How little the majority of people know about fur! The leng, silver-tipped black lynx is more in favor in America than in England, where white furs for beas and tippets carry off the palm. Many tails characterize the boa of the season, as well as the head of the animal, which points after a barbaric fashion. Women who would fly before the fur-bearing animal were it alive do not hesitate to encircle their necks and shoulders within its embrace. Russian and Chinese sables so blended are considerably cheaper and of less value than the Hudson bay and are distinguished by a lack of the red tone occasionally displaying white hairs. England, where white furs for beas and casionally displaying white hairs.

It is estimated that for perfumery pur-poses each year 1,860 tons of orange flow-ers, 900 tons of roses, 150 tons each of vio-lets and jasmine, 75 tons of tuberoses, 30 tens of cassia and 15 tons of jonquils ar



"Oh, Jack, you are like your father!"
"Oh, come, I say, mater, what have I done wrong now?"—Punch.

He had that arrogant, self-pleased, what-I-don't-know-about-the - Tenderloin - you can-put-in-a- corner - of - your- eye manner when they get out "in the provinces," to the deep weariness of the "provincials." He was undeniably well-groomed, but he look-ed as if he were too well aware of it, and so the effect was spoiled. He swung onto a 14th street car, up-bound, about 5 o'clock the other afternoon. The car was crowded and people were, as usual, huddled in the what would the interior of an up bound 14th street car look like, anyhow, if people weren't huddled and shoveled to-

people weren't huddled and shoveled to-gether in the aisles?

The self-satisfied-looking man got hold of a strap, and immediately began to occupy himself by gazing languishingly and kill-lingly into the face of a pretty woman who sat to the right of where he stood. A smile lingered around the corners of the mouth of the pretty woman, and the self-satisfied-looking man twisted his mustache with his loose hand and seemed to be saying to himloose hand and seemed to be saying to him self: "I think I'll just have this one hope lessly and madly infatuated with me before

lessly and madly infatuated with me before this car crawls another three blocks!"

Then he gazed searchingly and killingly into her countenance some more. That fetching smile still lingered around the corners of her pretty Cupid's bow mouth as she seemed to be looking out of the car window opposite, and the complaisant-looking chap apparently figured that the smile was all meant for him.

When the car reached K street a man on his left abandoned his seat and left the car and the man who looked as if he thought quite a heap of the power of his own winning ways took the seat. He twisted his mustache again, and furtively gianced across the a'sle at the pretty woman. She was still smilling in that mysterious fashion, but the self-satisfied-appearing man couldn't exactly catch her eye. Her ous fashion, but the self-satisfied-appearing man couldn't exactly catch her eye. Her pensive gaze was fixed on a point about two feet to his left, and she seemed to studiously avoid catching his eye. He looked to his left. His left-hand seat-mate was a solid-looking young man with a serious countenance—nothing dashing or winning about him at all. And yet it appeared to the self-satisfied-looking man as if the pretty woman's smile was meant for the solidty woman's smile was meant for the solid-looking young man on his left. The latter

looking young man on his left. The latter did not smile in return, however, and the whole situation plainly seemed exceedingly peculiar to the man who looked as if he had plenty of regard for himself.

This sort of thing went on until the car reached R street, the mustache-twister never abating his efforts to catch the pretty woman's eye, and the pretty woman continuing to smile at intervais in the direction of the man on his left. At R street the solid-looking man seemed to catch rection of the man on his left. At R street the solid-looking man seemed to catch on to something, and he turned his head and looked, smiling amusedly, at the chap who had "New York" spelt all over him. Then he looked across the way at the pretty woman and smiled at her. She returned the smile. The self-complaisant man was obviously put out over this, and he looked as if he was about ready to throw his hand into the discard and pass out. his hand into the discard and pass out.

"Well," said he, inclining his head toward the solid-looking man on his left, "I guess I'm nosed out, all right. You've won her," nodding in the direction of the pretty woman across the way.

The solid-looking man turned and looked the chap over.

woman across the way.

The solid-looking man turned and looked the chap over.

"Oh, yes, Willie," he replied, "I win all square enough, but it's a pretty dismal run you've had for your money, isn't it? I won her,' as you phrase it, about eight years ago, son, but I wasn't pin-head enough to make a street-car campaign of it. I married her from her father's house, with drums a-beating and colors flying. Now, Archie, there's no manner of doubt about your being real cute and lovely, and you have a pretty large head, outside measurement, but nevertheless you won't do. You're a dreary fizzle as a blandisher. You'd probably win out all right as a masher if you confined your eye-oglings to the ong somble young loidies who portray thinking parts in Bowery choruses, but when you try it on in a civilized community like Washington you make such a hash of it that—"

But the self-satisfied-looking chap had pulled his hat down over his eyes, touched the button, and raced for the rear plat-

THE DIFFERENCE IN MEN. Points of View of the Horse and Liter-

ary Editors. The horse editor was entertaining, or rather being entertained by, a gentleman of his knowledge, most of which was about ter, seeing that he was calling in a news. and at intervals looked over toward the literary editor, who occupied a desk in the far corner, as much as to say: "Get on to the action of the kind of people I

mix with."

The literary editor wasn't showing any sign, but he heard the talk over at the horse editor's desk.

"I think," said the visitor, "that literature is the finest thing on earth, and I'd rather, he a great writer than the con-

rather be a great writer than to own a bank. When Whittle wrote: "'Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art to dust returnest Was not written of the soul."

he preached a sermon equal to the best of the chaps that bang around the pulpits in high-class churches. And how close to the center Longfellow hit when he said:

center Longfellow hit when he said:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone.
Oh, I'm telling you that literature can win
every time, hands down."

There was a great deal more of the same

eort, and when the visitor departed, the horse-editor came over to the literary edtor. "There's a smart fellow for you," he said

"There's a smart fellow for you," he said with pride.
"He didn't seem to be very much for me," replied the literary editor. "You had him corralled."
"But you heard him talking. What do you think of him?"
"What would you think of a man who would come in here and tell me that Maud S. had run a mile in two eight and a quarter to a high sulky, and Saivator had trotted in one thirty-nine?"

ed in one thirty-nine?"
"I'd think he was a blamed chump," said horse editor with confidence no

the horse entor which the horse entor which disgust.

"That's the difference between you and me," said the literary editor, "I don't say what I think about, what a man says when what I think about, what a man says when he comes in to see you."

The horse editor had a conference that evening with his wife and the next day he asked the literary editor to come out and house a drink

Novelties in Chafing Dish Cookery

rem Harper's Bazar. Have four artichokes: trim the top of the leaves; pare also the bottom. Put them in boiling water with one tablespoon of sait for forty minutes; there must be plenty of water. Remove them from the fire, place them in cold water, and afterward in a clander to drain thoroughly. Cut them carefully in two, remove the chokes and small leaves, and pare nicely the bottom with the blade of a knife. Now prepare the following stuffing: Chopped mushrooms, quarter of a pound; chopped parsley, a tablespoonful; one teaspoonful of shallots

tablespoonful; one teaspoonful of shanots chopped separately.

Put in the chafing dish or in a small saucepan over the fire one tablespoonful of butter and the shallots and cook three minutes; do not let them get brown; then add the mushrooms and parsley. Cook three minutes again; then add one teaspoonful of flour; cook three minutes, stirring gen-

minutes again; then add one teaspoonful of flour; cook three minutes, stirring gently. Pour over it slowly one gill of consomme and season with half a teaspoon of salt and two pinches of pepper. Cook twelve minutes in the covered saucepan; remove from the fire and add one tablespoon of butter, stirring well.

Fill up every artichoke with the preparation, putting over each a thin piece of larding pork. Place the artichokes in a baking pan and in the hot oven for twenty-five minutes; pour one gill of consomme in the baking pan before putting in the oven. Turn the pan once so they will cook evenly; then remove the piece of pork and serve very hot on a round platter.

Sober Second Thought.

From the Chicago News. Tom-"Was it hard to tell Miss Autum nal you loved her?"

Innocent—"What do you know about this affair?" asked the court. "Nuthin', sir, yer anner," replied Mike. "I'm the polisman on the beat."—Philadelphia North Ameri-

PICKED THE WRONG GIRL MR. JOBSON'S BAD BREAK HE GOT HIS DISCHARGE

When the Jibsonsi were about half-way through dinner the other evening Mrs. Job-son began to toy with her fork. She looked

reflective. "Thinking about some perfectly lovely creps de chine waist goods that you saw today for only \$1.30 a yard, I suppose?" said Mr. Jobson, observing Mrs. Jobson's thoughtful expression.

"No," replied Mrs. Jobson, abstractedly, "it was not that, but I was thinking—"
"About what a sin and a shame it is that
Mrs. Putonluss, down the block, orders an 'ansom when she wants to take in the bargain counters, while your close-fisted husband thinks that a street car ought to be

gain counters, while your close-fisted husband thinks that a street car ought to be good enough for that sort of thing, I s'pose?" interrupted Mr. Jobson, amiably. "Oh, no," answered Mrs. Jobson, smilling, "but I am just a trifie puzzled about money maiters. I wan."

"Oh, it's an automobile you want, eh?" broke in Mr. Jobson. "Well, I'll tell you about that. I b'lieve the things are controlled by a trust just now, but the automobile market's bound to break sooner or later, and when the things get down to \$2,-500, or a little matter like that, why, we'll look into the matter. Of course, I might go down town this evening and buy you one, but I'm afraid the piaces where they sell automobiles are closed up by this time, and maybe you can resign yourself to the gloom and sadness of an automobileless lot for a while longer, anyhow, Mrs. Jobson. Think you can if you try right hard?"

"Now, you know very well," said Mrs. Jobson, "that automobiles are the very last things in my mind. But I don't know whether to get—"

"Well, in case of doubt, get 'em both," interrupted Mr. Jobson. "I know what it is that's worrying you. You don't know whether to ask me to buy you that \$85 lace dress that we saw in the window the other afternoon or to wheedle me into giving you a check for the same amount, so that you can whirl around and make the young women behind the dry good junk counters weary of life. Now, that \$85 lace dress is a symphony and a poem, all right, but don't you think it 'ud be investing too much wealth in just one garment to get that? Think of the number of criss-cross-barred papler-mache shirt waists that you could get for \$85! Think of the number of yards of real Valenciennes lace, marked down from \$9.48 a yard to 2½ cents a yard, that you could buy and stow away in those attic trunks for \$35! Pause and reflect upon the number of pairs of \$1.19 gloves—were \$4.4—that you could triumphantly litter up your chiffonier with for \$85! With that attic trunks for \$55! Pause and reflect upon the number of pairs of \$1.19 gloves—were \$8.43—that you could triumphantly litter up your chiffonier with for \$55! With that \$85 lace dress I am aware that you could throw the feminine population of this block into a state of coma, but look at the dozens of pairs of—""It isn't so much the subject of dress that I'm thinking about," Mrs. Jobson cut in, "although, of course, I do need so many little—"

"Yes, I know you do," said Mr. Jobson. "I saw a pair of red house slippers, trimmed with glit passementerie, in a window today, that I know you need the worst way. They're only \$18. Then I saw a hat in an F street window today that you need so bad that it's a wonder to me that you can manage to get to sleep without chloral. It was composed of one-eighth of a yard of khaki velvet, and a small, dead sea gull, and the tag on it read 'Only \$28. Then I saw some 'very sheer'—that's what you call

month - at - the-Parls - exposition-including all-expenses ticket," said Mr. Jobse

all-expenses ticket," said Mr. Jobson.
"What d'ye want to go to the Paris exposition for, anyhow? You were at the Chicago fair for a month, and if you imagine that they'll ever put up a better show than that in France, or anywhere else, you're mixed, Mrs. Jobson, that's all. Anyhow, there's a whole lot left of the United States that you haven't seen, and that it'il do you good to see, and if you want to blow in \$-00-"

good to see, and if you want to blow in \$-00—"

"You are perfectly well aware that I wouldn't cross the water again for all the wealth of India," said Mrs. Jobson. "If you will be good enough to listen to me for half a mo—"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed Mr. Jobson, clapping his hands in sardonic imitation of the joyfulness of a child. "You're worried about what I'm going to get you for your birthday present! Funny I didn't think of that before! No? Not that? Well, there's one characteristic you possess. Mrs. Jobson, that I wish you'd endeavor to correct. I've been trying to get you for the past twenty minutes to tell me what this quandary is that you began to talk about, but you're so utterly lacking in directness that you've been beating about the bush and humming and hawing until—"

"The thing that puzzles me," said Mrs. Jobson, "is this: Uncle John has sent me a check for \$100 for a birthday present, and I don't know whether to have a new porcelain bathtub put in or to have the house painted from top to bottom. What do you think about it?"

"I think," replied Mr. Jobson, gamely, but with a sickly smile, "that I've been :naking

think about it?"
"I think," replied Mr. Jobson, gamely, but
with a sickly smile, "that I've been ; naking
a megaphone out of my hat."

Some One Before Him.

"To the man who travels through British Columbia," said the returned explorer, "there is nothing so noticeable as the onetime prevailing power of the Hudson Bay Company. This once powerful organization, not yet a weakling, dominated the entire province and nine-tenths or more of the inhabitants, native and imported, looked to it directly for support. Wherever one went, even into the most remote localities and in the depths of forests, he would find the letters 'H. B/C.' bosted somewhere as an indication that the great company had set its seal there. Out of this grew a story which has become one of the traditions of the country. It deems that a Yankee prospector, who knew nothing of the Hudson Bay Company, headed by a party of Americans for a wild section of the province in which gold had been exported to him by an Indian. He was sure that nobody knew anything else about it, and made great promises. The party went into the country by canoes upperfiver and the first thing they saw at their point of landing was a huge boulder, on which were the letters 'H. B. C.,' moss grown and gray with age. 'By George, boys,' exclaimed the leader, as he saw the sign, "we're not the first on the spot.' There is the mark of some fellow who was Here Before Christ, and from that time until today H. B. C. has stood for that in all British Columbia." set its seal there. Out of this grew a story

A Training School.

From the Chicago News. Meeks-"Stone always speaks well everybody." Weeks-"Merely a force of habit."

Meeks—"How so?".

Weeks—"He's a marble cutter and his specialty is cutting epitaphs on grave-

From the Chicago News.

New Cook—"What does your husband like

for his breakfast, ma'am?"

Mrs. Growells—"Oh, he likes anything we haven't got."

The flood of applications and appeals for discharges from the service with which the War Department is being flooded by young volunteer soldiers who "took on" for the "fun" they fancied they'd probably have in Philippine campaigning, and who have found out that tropical soldiering is not anything like a picnic, has been temporarily abated by a recent general order to the effect that enlisted men and the friends thereof are asking for too many favors at the hands of the military authorities, and that no more discharges will be granted enlisted men whose terms of service have not expired unless reasons of extreme urgency are presented. Once in an enlisted man's uniform in any branch of the service, land or sea, it is a pretty hard matter to get out of it until the term of the enlistment is

out of it until the term of the enlistment is up.

In time of peace soldiers of the regular army may purchase their discharges, but the permission to purchase a discharge is only accorded to men whose conduct has been good up to the time they apply for their release by purchase. Most young fellows whose people attempt to get them out of the service by purchase fail to fill this "previous good conduct" requirement, and the result is that purchased discharges are really very few and far between. Numbers of men contrive to malinger their way out of the service, although military surgeons are pretty wise in spotting malingerers, and some of the more crafty of the enlisted men have even been known to feign insanity, and to make it stick, too, in order to shed their uniforms. Still other men manage to get out by frequently committing themselves—subjecting themselves to summary courts-martial for minor offenses. A man who frequently has to be hauled up for summary court-martial is deemed worth-less in the army, and he gets a dishonorable discharge on general principles. The danger of this olan is that a six-months' term in the guardhouse at hard labor is frequently meted out to men, in addition to their dishonrable discharges, who set about to make themselves too no-account for military service.

The extreme difficulty encountered by an enlisted man in the sea-soldders must have pretty influential friends with Washington connections in order to do this, but there are exceptions. Here is the story of one of the exceptions:

He was an accomplished young chap from New Orleans. He came to Washington a number of years ago to take an examination for surgeon in the regular army, but he get on a number of years ago to take an examination for surgeon in the regular army, but he get on a number of years ago to take an examination for surgeon in the regular army, but he get on the service when the service is the story of one of the exceptions: up. In time of peace soldiers of the regular

of one of the exceptions: Here is the story of one of the exceptions:

He was an accomplished young chap from New Orleans. He came to Washington a number of years ago to take an examination for surgeon in the regular army, but he got on a spree shortly after his arrival here, and when he came to the examinations were all concluded, and he was in that condition of financial collapse known as flat broke. So he enlisted in the Marine Corps at the Washington barracks of the sea-soldier' outfit. He enlisted under the name of Dunbar, a name which he subsequently changed to his right one. He belonged to a prominent New Orleans family. The young man had graduated with high honors in medicine after taking his A. B. at the University of Virginia, and he was an all-around finished proposition. His idea in enlisting in the Marine Corps was that he might have a chance to get an apothecary's billet in the navy. Now, a naval apothecary was at that time a chief petty officer in the navy proper, and naval apothecaries are not created out of sea-soldiers. They are shipped as apothecaries, and they have no connection whatsoever with the Marine Corps. The young Louislanian didn't know this, however, and so he "took on" as a buck private in the marines. He had hardly drawn his first government straight uniform as a sea-soldier before he found out that as a marine he had no show in life ever to become an apothecary—that he was dished to do marine's guard duty for the belance of his enlistment, with small chance of promotion even as a marine, for men have to serve a pretty sizable while in the marines before they get the stripes and chevrons.

manage to get to gleep without choral. It was composed of one-eighth of a yard of khaki velvet, and a small, dead sea gull, and the tag on it read 'Only 28.' Then I saw some very sheer—en-lavender-colored sike steking—looked like orchids to great the property of the pro

and told him the case—how he had a chance to slip into the chief petty officer's uniform of an apothecary, how, of course, he'd have to have his discharge as a marine in order to try for the billet, and se

"Out of the question," said the marine

rine in order to try for the billet, and so on.

"Out of the question," said the marine officer. "You can't get your discharge."

The young man took the matter higher in the Marine Corps, but it wouldn't do. He was sat down upon, and regarded as a pretty nervy chap to ask for his discharge from an outfit in which he had only served for a few weeks.

"All right," mused the young man, "now I'll go to the boss of the whole works, and see what he says."

So he got himself up spick-and-span again, asked for an afternoon's leave, and walked down to the Navy Department—he had to walk, because he hadn't drawn any pay yet. He was a pretty fine-looking marine, but fine-looking marines don't cut much of a figure in the corridors of the Navy Department. Even the colored messengers at the doors grinned at him, and when he calmiy announced that he wanted to have a little heart-to-heart talk with Mr. Whitney, who happened then to be the Secretary of the Navy, he came near being shunted out of the building—the messengers figured that he was drunk and dangerous. However, he finally ran the gauntlet of all the messengers and all the private secretaries, stenographers and door blockers who barred his way, and found himself in the presence of Secretary of the Navy Whitney. The latter looked up at him curlously. It is not often that a Secretary of the Navy is addressed by a buck private in the Marine Corps.

The young man in the marine's uniform saluted the Secretary, and sat down when he was courteously invited to do so. Then he up and told Mr. Whitney his little story. He had sort of buncoed himself into the Marine Corps, he said, and he had a chance to do better for himself. He was already an enlisted man. Could the Secretary were on a piece of paper, and the young Louisianian took it to the commandant of marines. It wasn't liked a

his discharge from the marines?

"Give this man his discharge at once," the Secretary wrote on a piece of paper, and the young Louisianian took it to the commandant of marines. It wasn't liked a little bit, that method of the young man from New Orleans, because it looked like deliberate jumping over too many high heads, but it went. It had to go.

With his discharge in his pocket the young man walked into the barracks and began packing his things. In some way or other his bunkies had heard that he was trying for an apothecaryship, and they now gave him the laugh.

"Where are you going, pal?" they asked him as he packed; "to take command of the North Atlantic squadron?"

"Nope, I'm going to take an apothecaryship at the Brooklyn navy yard tomorrow morning, though," he replied.

They laughed at him again. It looked out of the question. Then he tacked his discharge up against the wall at the head of his bunk, so that they could all see it, and said no more.

He dug up the price of the ride to Brooklyn that same afternoon, and the next morning he appeared before the surgeon whose ship needed an apothecary. In just twenty-four hours from the time he had talked with Mr. Whitney he was walking the deck, a chief petty officer, with the silver eagle of his rate on his arm, of a ship that was already coaling up for a charmmy yoyage on the Mediterranean sta-

silver eagle of his rate on his arm, of a ship that was already coaling up for a charming voyage on the Mediterranean station. It was a case of cold nerve on the young man's part, and the cold nerve won him out.

The end is the bad feature of the story. The man, after having gone around the world a few times, became life-weary in San Francisco a couple of years ago and blew his brains out in Golden Gate Park.

When money talks there are always plenty of attentive listeners.—Life.



In a smart walking shape, this captivating spring hat is made wholly of chiffon in a mastic tone, and dressed elaborately with silk and chiffon, blush-colored roses. Masses of dark green foliage complete a wonderfully attractive combination of shades.

POMPEH TO BE REPRODUCED.

Its Beauty.

Our Paris correspondent writes: "In the

midst of the incessant agitation of the last

two years, which has prevented all those who write for the public from devoting

their time and efforts to questions of art, I

have been quite unable to refer to any of

those attractive or striking projects which

have been conceived to render the univer-

sal exhibition a brilliant manifestation of

HERMETICALLY SEALED.

A Peculiar Feature of Life at Cape Nome in Winter. Not Its Ruins, but as It Existed in All From the London Times.

"I have a son at Cape Nome," said an alderly man who was talking about the gold discoveries in the new Alaskan fields, from whom we have had no news since last November, when the last ship came down from there, and we will not hear from him until the first ship goes up and comes back again, say some time early in July, or possibly the very last of June. That is seven months, and a great deal may happen in that time. Have you ever thought of what Cape Nome life in winter is like? You have read of miners being shut up in coal mines for a week or a month with no chance to get at them to know whether they are alive or dead? There may have been as many as six or eight or a dozen shut up this way and the whole country was interested in their fate and waited to hear what the outcome would be. At Cape Nome there are twenty-five hundred people shut up, hermetically sealed to the world, for several long months. Half of them may die or starve or freeze to death, their friends and relatives may die at home, and never a word for months be known of it. There may be degrees and last November, when the last ship came

July, or possibly the very last of June. That is seven months, and a great deal may happen in that time. Have you ever thought of what Cape Nome life in winter is like? You have read of miners being shut up in coal mines for a week or a month with no chance to get at them to know whether they are alive or dead? There may have been as many as six or eight or a dozen shut up this way and the At Cape Nome there are twenty-five hundred people shut up, hermetically sealed to the world, for several long months. Half of them may die or starve or freeze to death, their friends and relatives may die at home, and never a word for months be known of it. There may be dozens and dozens of widows right this minute in various parts of the country, but they only know that they have husbands at Cape Nome. My boy may have been dead for two months, and his two little children may be fatherless, but we from the beautiful the search of the country but they only know that they have husbands at Cape Nome. My boy may have been dead for two months, and his two little children may be fatherless, but we from the country but they only know that they have husbands at Cape Nome. My boy may have been dead for two months, and his two little children may be fatherless, but we fire the last ship came to the country ship to the top of the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the familiar ruins, but the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the familiar ruins, but the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the familiar ruins, but the derivative hundred people shut up, hermetically sealed to premise the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the familiar ruins, but the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the familiar ruins, but the proposes to reconstitute Pompell—not eight of the familiar ruins, but the familiar ruins, but the proposes to reconstitute for the barden for the hundred from the coffice of the familiar ruins, but the familiar ruins, but the fami

tumes archaeologically accurate, will give to the city its former animation. The forum is to be crowded with a constantly moving throng. The arena will be given up to the gladiatorial combat. The lines of shops will From the Weekly Telegraph.

An urchin in a country parish in Scotland, An urchin in a country parish in Scotland, having been told by his parents to read a newspaper aloud to them, began to do so in the usual drawling manner of the parish school. He had not proceeded far when his mother stopped him short, exclaiming, "You rascal! Hoo dare ye read a newspaper wi' the Bible twang?" gladiatorial combat. The lines of shops will offer the most varied products for sale. The charlatans and hawkers will scream their wares in the streets. Chariot wheels will follow the deep-dug ruts in the stone highways. The mysteries will be celebrated in the Temple of Isls. Orators will harangue the crowd in the public squares in fact, the whole town, repeopled, will rise from the ashes beneath which it was buried in one of the most terrible of catastrophes."

Unselfish.

From the Chicago News.
Father—"Look here! You gals have got
to share that one light between you and
your beaus. Can't afford a light in both The Gals (in one voice)-"She can have it

Hosman-"Gorman tells me that the do-

Mrs. Qui-Vive-"Dear Mr. Surplice, I

A Reckless Suggestion.

can't make up my mind what Lenten sac-rifice will be the most acceptable."

Mr. Surplice—"Ah!—oh!—well—dear mad-ame—suppose you give up trying to run the church." again."
Shelden-"Then she is really out of danger?"-Boston Transcript. A NICE OUTLOOK.



d is so very particular about his food."

"Ther' all allies ok (symp -"Ther' all alike, mem. My old man was just the sime. I please 'im in my life!"